

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### VICTORY AT LAST.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

For four long years we've waited  
To hail the day of peace,  
When our land should be united,  
And our strife should cease;  
And now that day approaches—  
The drums are beating fast;  
And all the boys are coming home:  
There's victory at last!

Count—There's victory at last, boys,  
Victory at last!  
O'er land and sea, our flag is free;  
We'll nail it to the mast!  
Yes, we'll nail it to the mast, boys,  
Nail it to the mast;  
For there's victory, victory,  
Victory at last!

The heroes who have gained it,  
And lived to see that day,  
We'll meet with flying banners  
And shout on the way;  
And all their privations  
Shall to the winds be cast,  
For all the boys are coming home:  
There's victory at last!

O happy wives and children,  
Light up your hearts and homes;  
For see, with martial music,  
The conquering hero comes.  
With flags and banners flying,  
While drums are beating fast;  
For all the boys are coming home:  
There's victory at last!

The victory at last, boys, boys,  
There's victory at last, boys, boys,  
The victory at last, boys, boys,  
There's victory at last, boys, boys,  
The victory at last, boys, boys,  
There's victory at last, boys, boys,  
The victory at last, boys, boys,  
There's victory at last, boys, boys.

### THE BELL, WATCHMAN.

High in the belfry the old sexton stands,  
Gazing the rope with his thin, bony hands;  
For it is his gear, as by some magic spell,  
To be the distant morn, ring, ring the bell!

CHORUS.  
"Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring!  
Yes, yet the good news is now on the wing;  
Yes, yet the good news, and with tidings to tell,  
Goes and blessed tidings—Ring, ring the bell!"

Bring the long silver bells to the breeze,  
For for a moment he dips on his knee;  
Then, with a vigor that few could equal,  
Answers the welcome bidding, Ring, ring the bell!

Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys.

Before us blazes, and rockets ascend—  
No nearer triumph such tokens portend!  
Shout, shout my brothers! for "all, all is well!"  
Till the universal chorus, Ring, ring the bell!

Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys,  
Ring the bell, boys.

## Select Tale.

### THE ANGEL OF THE DEPOT.

The great depot was crowded. The

th Regiment was about to leave for the  
front of war, and it was known that the  
brave fellows were going where fighting  
was sure to come. The cars had backed  
into the building, and the engine was  
striding impatiently. The regiment had  
filled into the depot, and as the soldiers  
rested for a few moments upon their  
arms, fond friends gathered around, and  
the words of parting were spoken. There  
were tears, and sobs, and blessings; there  
was wringing of hands! Wives were  
parting with husbands; mothers were  
parting with their sons; sisters were  
bidding good-bye to brothers; and fathers  
were speaking the last words of caution and  
care. It was a season of painful anxiety;  
for the departing ones were going away  
with their lives in their hands, and the  
offering on the battle altar might speedily  
be made.

Corporal Walter Evermond leaned  
upon his rifle, and gazed upon the scene.  
So one came to kiss him—none to bid  
him farewell. Not over one-and-twenty  
was Corporal Walter Evermond. He had  
a fresh, handsome face, and a bright,  
pare eye; and his frame was one of those  
marvels wherein a magnificent physical  
structure is developed, with a small body.

"I declare," said the Corporal, wiping  
a bit of moisture from his eye, "I am  
glad that I have nobody here to weep  
and sob for me. Yet," he added, with a  
longing look, "it would be pleasant to  
have away one parting kiss. But I shan't  
get it."

"I'll kiss you, if you'll let me!"  
Walter Evermond laid a hand upon  
his arm; and the prettiest, sweetest face  
he had ever seen, beamed upon him with  
a smile.

"I'll kiss you, sir!" And the girl  
placed both hands upon his shoulders,  
and pressed her lips upon his blooming  
cheek.

"Thank you! Bless you!"  
"Fall in! Fall in!"  
The Corporal pressed the hand of the  
beautiful girl; gave one more look into her  
beaming face, and then fell into line; and  
ere long the cars rolled out from the de-  
pot, bearing the volunteers toward the  
field where patriotic duty called them.

In a little while the train was out of  
sight around the turn, and the throng of  
friends gradually dispersed.

"Nellie, I'm astonished at you!"  
"Astonished at me?" repeated Nellie  
Preston, looking up into the face of John  
Gainsford, who walked by her side to a  
carriage.

"Yes. How could you do such a  
thing?"  
"Such a thing as what?"  
"As kiss that fellow in the depot.  
Goodness gracious! What were you  
thinking of?"

"I was thinking," replied Nellie, with  
a perceptible flash of feeling, "that he  
might be a poor, motherless, sisterless  
boy, who had no one in the world to love  
him."

"And so you thought you'd love him,  
eh?"

"I love all those brave, noble men who  
have gone out to offer up their lives for  
their country's welfare!" said the girl.

"I never knew how well I loved my own  
brother, until I saw him go away to-day.  
I hope God will keep him, and return  
him to us in safety."

"Did you notice," said Mr. Gainsford,  
after a pause, "that your foolish behav-  
ior caused considerable remark?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't say anything  
more about that, Mr. Gainsford."

"You are ashamed of it, eh?"  
"I am ashamed of you, sir! You  
need not help me. I can get into my  
carriage alone."

Two days after this, Judge Preston  
came home, looking very thoughtful.  
After tea, he called Nellie to him, and  
asked her if she had made up her mind  
to be the wife of John Gainsford.

"I have made up my mind that I will  
not be his wife!" was the prompt reply.  
"I have no wish to urge you, my  
child."

"I do not love him, father; and I  
should prefer to have no more intimacy  
with him. I never liked him. He is  
unkind to his poor sister, and he might  
be unkind to me."

"You are right, my daughter; and I  
am now free to confess that I am pleased  
with your decision. Almost the last  
thing that your brother said to me, before  
he left, was, he hoped you would not  
make John Gainsford his brother-in-law.  
He knows Gainsford well, and has no re-  
spect for him."

The Judge kissed his child, and the  
matter was settled. Gainsford was the  
son of one of his oldest friends, and thus  
the intimacy had commenced; and he  
had been willing, for his daughter's sake,  
to try the young man; but he felt a sense  
of relief, now that the trial was over.

George Preston, the Judge's only son,  
had gone as Captain of a company; and  
the family watched anxiously for the news  
that was to bear their intelligence of the  
movements of the th Regiment. By-  
and-by intelligence came. The regiment  
was at Poolsville. The regiment was at  
Ball's Bluff! The regiment had been  
under fire nearly the whole of that terri-  
ble day; and a fearful havoc had been  
made in its ranks. Where was George?  
Oh, how anxious was Nellie Preston,  
now! More than ever before, did she  
know that she loved her brother.

"Ha! Good news! George is safe.  
The Judge came home with an evening  
paper, and handed it to Nellie, pointing  
with his finger to the paragraph she was  
to read. She read as follows:

"Captain Preston, after being exposed  
to a merciless fire for four consecutive  
hours, was one of the last to swim the  
river. He had made his way down the  
bluff, and was assisting some of his  
wounded comrades, when the enemy came  
pouring down upon him. He was sur-  
rounded, and would have been slain, but  
for the heroic bravery and devotion of a  
Sergeant of his company. The Sergeant,  
whose name was Walter Evermond, see-  
ing the Captain in danger, sprang to his  
side, and with his revolver shot down  
three men who were pressing upon him.  
When they gained the water, Captain  
Preston had received a wound in the  
shoulder, which rendered it impossible  
for him to swim; but Evermond did not  
forsake him. The noble fellow clung to  
his Captain like a brother, and succeeded  
in getting him safely over the river. We  
are happy to state that Captain Preston's  
wound is not dangerous."

"Oh! Heaven bless that noble Ser-  
geant!" ejaculated Nellie, as she finished  
reading the account.

And her father joined her, with his  
whole soul.

Later in the evening, a curious thought  
worked its way into Nellie Preston's  
mind. She wished the man who had  
saved her brother's life so bravely, had  
been only a Corporal! And then she  
wondered where that fair-faced, bright-  
eyed soldier was, whom she had kissed  
in the depot. She wished that she knew  
his name. It would be a satisfaction to  
know how he fared. She hoped he was  
safe.

Ere long, a letter came from George,  
in which he gave a thrilling account of  
the battle. He spoke of Sergeant Walter  
Evermond as he would have spoken of  
a brother. "He saved my life, at the  
risk of his own," he wrote; "and but  
for him, you would have no son living to  
write this; and Nellie would have no  
brother." There was a postscript to the  
letter, as follows:

"P. S.—Walter Evermond has just  
received the commission of Second Lieut-  
enant."

The winter wore away, and George, in  
his letters to his sister, frequently spoke  
of Walter Evermond as of a very dear  
friend. At length came a letter, with the  
following passage: "My dear father and

sister, give me joy. I am a Major, and  
my commission dates from the day of  
Ball's Bluff. My dear friend Evermond  
is Captain of my old company; and a  
better soldier does not live; and I know  
there cannot be a truer friend."

Once more the Judge and his daughter  
were anxious. The th Regiment was  
before Yorktown. Then came the bloody  
field of Williamsburg; but George was  
not called into that battle. At length,  
however, came tidings of another bloody  
fight—Fair Oaks! The list of the killed and  
wounded; but a letter from George was  
received. He was alive, but badly  
wounded.

"Our Colonel was stricken down,"  
he wrote, "early in the engagement. I  
had been acting as Lieutenant Colonel  
for some time, and the command devolved  
upon me. I was following the lead of  
the gallant Howard, when a bullet passed  
through my thigh. Captain Evermond  
was on the right of the regiment; and I  
had just time to pass the command over  
to him, when the clash of the final charge  
came. I was faint and dizzy; but I saw  
him dash on at the head of our noble  
regiment; and the shout of victory struck  
my ear, as I was borne from the field.  
Late at night, Captain Evermond was  
borne into our quarters severely wounded  
by a sabre cut on the shoulder. He had  
a hand to hand conflict with the enemy  
over a battery; and he took it, and held  
it."

Three weeks afterwards, another letter  
came:

"Dear Nellie, I'm coming home. I  
have a furlough for forty days. Captain  
Evermond is coming with me. Our  
wounds are doing well."

The train arrived at three o'clock in  
the afternoon. Major Preston came from  
the car upon his crutches, and his father  
went to receive him. Nellie had not  
come down the old man's face, as he heard  
the glad shouts that welcomed his noble boy;  
and for awhile his son was monopolized  
by the multitude.

"Where is your friend Evermond?"  
asked the Judge, as he moved towards  
the carriage.

"Oh, he will be with us this evening.  
He had to stop to see a friend on the way,  
and will come on the next train. I told  
him our carriage should be an hand for  
him."

A joyful moment was it for Nellie  
Preston, when she threw her arms around  
the neck of her returned brother. Oh,  
she knew how much, how very much she  
loved him. What numberless questions  
were asked, and how eagerly were the  
answers listened to.

By-and-by Nellie asked after Captain  
Evermond.

"Oh," she cried, "I hope he is not  
old and ugly, for I want to love him."  
"No, not very old," said George, with a  
smile; "and not very ugly. But there is  
a curious circumstance connected with  
his experience as a soldier, which is  
worth relating. He told the story to me,  
with tears in his eyes. After the affair  
at Ball's Bluff, we were like brothers.  
Evermond is an orphan; without father  
or mother, brother or sister. He has a  
splendid education, which he owes to an  
old aunt, who intended him for a mini-  
ster; but his disposition did not lead him  
that way, and he started to study law.  
His aunt withdrew her favor, and he was  
left to struggle alone. He was in danger  
of becoming dissipated, when the thought  
struck him that he would enlist. He en-  
listed as a private in the company of  
which I was Captain. While we were  
waiting at the depot on the morning  
when we left for the seat of war, Ever-  
mond stood alone, gazing upon the  
scene of weeping and blessing; and as the  
thought passed through his mind that he  
was relieved from the pain of parting  
with friends, he felt thankful, and ex-  
pressed himself to that effect. Yet, he  
said he felt that it would be a blessing to  
be away one friendly kiss, that he could  
remember as coming from a sister. He  
said this aloud, and in a moment a young  
girl—she put her hands upon his shoulders  
and kissed him upon the cheek. He  
says he had just time to bless the angel,  
when the order came to fall in. I think  
the girl that gave Walter Evermond that  
kiss, did a glorious deed. He assured  
me that it made him all that he is. He  
says that the memory of that sweet face  
has led him to high and holy resolves;  
and that he had sworn within himself  
that he would never do a deed that could  
cause that girl to blush that she had  
kissed him, even were she the daughter  
of a king."

"You said he was a private, then?"  
remarked Nellie.

"No, he was a Corporal, then. He  
was made a Corporal very shortly after  
he enlisted; and before he had been in  
camp a week, in Maryland, he was made  
a Sergeant. But, my sister, what is the  
matter? You look pale."

"Oh!" whispered Nellie, hiding her  
face with her hands, "what dreadful  
things!"

"My! I thought this story of Ever-  
mond would attract your thoughts from  
the darker themes."

"So it does, in a measure, George; but  
I cannot help my feelings."

George Preston, never mistaking,  
never dreaming that his sweet sister had  
ever seen Walter Evermond, drew his  
arm around her, and gave her a brother's  
kiss.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the  
coach was sent to the depot, and at half  
past eight it returned. Nellie left the

parlor and sped away to her own room.  
Her heart was in a flutter, and her face  
was burning. It might be possible that  
she had never seen Captain Evermond;  
but she did not think it probable. What  
should she do? How should she meet  
him? Twice had she attempted to tell  
her brother of her own adventure at the  
depot, on that memorable morning; but  
she could not.

Major Preston, upon his crutches, went  
to the door, and welcomed Captain Ever-  
mond, who carried his right arm in a  
sling. The old Judge welcomed the hero  
as another son; and he was surprised  
when he found that the Captain was a  
bare-faced, handsome youth, just upon  
the opening stage of manhood.

But where was Nellie? The bell was  
rung, and a servant was sent in quest of  
her. At length she came, trembling at  
every joint; but her father and brother  
did not notice it.

"Nellie, my sister," cried George,  
"here is our dear friend, Walter Ever-  
mond!"

The Captain advanced with a quick  
step, and had half extended his hand,  
when he stopped as though he had been  
shot.

"Good angels!" he gasped, "what is  
this? This—your sister?"

With a mighty effort, Nellie smiled,  
and put forth both her hands.

"Alas!" exclaimed George, lifting his  
crutches from the floor, and stamping  
them down with wonderful energy, "I  
think I see it now. Say, Walter—tell  
me—tell me—is this your angel?"

"Ten thousand blessings on her head!"  
murmured the brave youth, while the  
tears started down his cheeks. I did not  
dream of this."

Then he dashed the tears away, and  
extended his hand.

"Lady," he said, "you will excuse  
my left hand, I know."

"Goodness mercy on me!" exclaimed  
the old man, who began to see through  
it. "Is this the soldier you kissed in the  
depot, Nellie?"

Again the poor girl came very near  
losing herself; but she made one more  
struggle, and was successful.

"Yes, sir," said Captain Evermond,  
"we have met once before."

"It was a curious position for both the  
Captain and the maiden."

"Hold on!" cried the Major, with an  
other thump of his crutches, "I have it.  
I know how awkward it is; and if I  
had mistrusted, so much as by a  
thought, that my own sweet sister was  
the identical angel of the depot, I should  
have prepared the way for this meeting.  
But see how nicely I'll fix it; you, Nel-  
lie, are my sister by right of birth; and  
you, Walter, are my brother, by every  
tie of love and gratitude. So you are  
brother and sister."

"Capital!" exclaimed the Judge.  
"And now for enjoyment. Come,  
Walter, lead your sister to a seat, and  
we'll talk of the times that have tried  
our souls."

Ah! the present was a time that tried  
the soldier's soul; but it was a happy, bliss-  
ful trial.

Late at night they prepared to retire.  
The two soldiers were left alone, after  
the rest had gone to bed; for they had  
got used to helping each other. The Ma-  
jor gazed for the Captain's shoulder; and  
the Captain took care of the Major's  
thigh.

"We are at home, my dear Walter,"  
said George Preston, after they had  
dressed each other's wounds, "and we  
will have a happy time of it."

"I shall not be able to stop with you  
long," returned Walter.

"I don't know. I must not stop here."  
"And why not, pray?"  
"Because I dare not!"

"Oh!" cried George, who knew his  
friend well enough, and knew human na-  
ture well enough, to read ordinary signs  
of feeling. "I think I understand you  
now. But we'll say no more about it to-  
night. On the morrow, I'll help you to  
find a good boarding place."

And so they went to bed.

On the following morning, after break-  
fast had been disposed of, George took  
his sister away into the library, and had  
a long talk with her. She wept and  
smiled by turns, during the conversation.

When Walter Evermond did fairly  
awaken, he awoke to a blessed hope. Be-  
fore night, he had resolved to stop; and  
before the week was out, he had made  
arrangements with Nellie Preston to live  
with her always.

And all of this came out of the simple  
kiss at the depot.

## Miscellaneous.

### BRING LAURELS.

BY MRS. MATTHEW.

Bring laurels, bright laurels of endless fame,  
For the gallant Sheridan's brave;  
And the lofty notes of the tocsin sound,  
For Sheridan's flag still waves.

The valley rings with his warlike deeds,  
And the daisies his men achieved;  
The brave-born echoes shall never cease  
From the shout that his warriors breathed!

Bring laurels of fame for brave Sheridan's band,  
The band that has conquered a host;  
The deeds in the Valley our Sheridan planned,  
Shall be an eternal boast.

Bring laurels—meet off'ring for souls true and brave,  
For hearts we shall bless evermore;  
For men of true courage and muscles of steel,  
Like Sheridan's veteran corps!

Shoot! men of the North, for our patriot hosts,  
Who are martyrs for country and home;  
Who have gone from their homes to the freshness of youth,  
Brave patriots! homeless and lone.

The tale of their valor shall never be dimmed,  
But only give them renown;  
And trophies shall count as a hallowed spot,  
Like Sheridan's veteran corps!

Shoot, shoot! for the Union, so badly oppressed,  
And so costly to conquer from war;  
For those at the helm who are guiding the ship,  
And will gallantly pilot through.

Shoot! shoot! for our loved ones in Sheridan's band;  
For Sheridan, dauntless and true;  
For Winchester's hero and tireless steed;  
And shoot for the "red, white and blue!"

[The following beautiful lines, written by Longfellow,  
have been printed on large cards, and hung up in all the  
bureaus of the Government.]

"For the stars on our banner glow suddenly dim;  
Let us weep in our sorrow, but weep not for him;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years;  
Not for him who has died full of honor and years."

English Love for Jeff. Davis.  
Every journal in England and France  
which has labored throughout for the re-  
bellion, has suddenly become inspired  
with a tender regard for the honor and  
interests of the Union, and fast feel our  
glory may be tarnished by the punish-  
ment of Jeff. Davis. We devoutly thank  
these kind friends for their heartfelt sym-  
pathy with our endangered honor. We  
cherish in grateful remembrance the de-  
votion heretofore displayed by the Lon-  
don Times, Post, Standard and Herald,  
Nellie's soul; but it was a happy, bliss-  
ful trial.

Late at night they prepared to retire.  
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the rest had gone to bed; for they had  
got used to helping each other. The Ma-  
jor gazed for the Captain's shoulder; and  
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kiss at the depot.

Nena Sahib, by kindly blood and  
education, and by the ancient laws and con-  
stitutions of India, was entitled to be the  
hereditary and beloved ruler of a free  
people. His rebellion was the spontane-  
ous upheaval of a people who had endur-  
ed many years of an oppression branded  
by the ablest British statesmen as the  
vilest on earth. For the oppression, for  
which Warren Hastings was impeached,  
was the same against which Nena Sahib  
rebelled, and without which British su-  
premacy in India could not be maintain-  
ed.

By contrast, Jeff. Davis was the son of  
a horse-thief, a tyrant, a coward, and as-  
sassin, whose partisans drove the South  
into rebellion by hanging loyal men to  
the nearest tree.

Nena Sahib was subdued by foreign  
conspirators imported from the opposite  
side of the globe, who were brought  
seventeen thousand miles to subdue a  
people of whom they knew nothing, ex-  
cept that they had been once free and had  
never voluntarily yielded their indepen-  
dence.

Jeff. Davis, on the contrary, was sub-  
dued, because his followers had been  
forced into his service, because he was  
fighting against liberty, and because the  
Government he sought to overthrow had  
the affections of four-fifths of the Ameri-  
can people.

The Sepoys of the Nena Sahib, who  
were blown from the mouths of British  
cannon, had moreover been taken into the  
British military service, and were trusted  
by them as part of their defensive force.  
So had Jefferson Davis been educated at  
the expense of the Federal Government,  
and rewarded with many of its highest  
positions. Throughout all his treason  
the oath to maintain the Federal Govern-  
ment was on his lips, unrevoked because  
irrevocable.

But it is claimed that Jeff. Davis be-  
lieved in the doctrine of secession. Who  
doubts that Nena Sahib believed the  
British despotism in India to be a great  
crime, when the foremost British states-  
men acknowledged it?

Wherein, then, is Nena Sahib and his  
followers inferior to Jeff. Davis? Yet  
British civilization, which blew the Se-  
poys from the cannon's mouth, groans  
inwardly, least we should stain the puri-  
ty of the American honor which it has so  
audaciously vilified—by trying, convicting  
and hanging Jeff. Davis.

If it be said that Nena Sahib was a  
savage, we know of no principle by which  
lesser crimes perpetrated by a heathen  
deserve severer punishment than greater  
atrocities perpetrated in the full light of  
Christian civilization. Nor was Great  
Britain any slower to take the life of  
Robert Emmet than of the Indian Se-  
poys. She can hardly plead that Emmet  
rebelled in behalf of slavery, as did Jeff.  
Davis.

Whatever may be the decision of the  
law in the case of Davis, it lies not in the  
mouth of a British subject to plot philan-  
thropy to the American people. We  
understand the fact that in the same  
circumstances, no Englishman would  
hesitate to apply the death penalty, and  
that their mock tenderness arises from  
the fact that they too sided the rebellion,  
and do not wish to see the Federal Gov-  
ernment strengthened by the execution of  
the chief traitor whom they aided and  
abetted with ships, arms, money and  
munitions.—Chicago Tribune.

A Singular Prediction.  
Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter to  
the New York Independent, relates the  
following note-worthy incident:

With regard to the violent manner of  
his death, have you noticed that it was  
singularly hinted at by an astrological  
prediction, months before it happened?

A modern believer in astrology, who  
signed himself Thomas Lister, and pub-  
lished in a newspaper, September 29th,  
1864. It was therein stated that the  
President was born under Jupiter, a  
planet whose influence usually made  
men fortunate in their undertakings. It  
predicted that he would be re-elected in  
November, because astrologically speak-  
ing, "His ruling planet will then be  
transitive over his ascendant in his own  
house." He goes on to say:

"The transit of the evil planet, Mars,  
in opposition with his ascendant, plainly  
shows that the struggle will continue till  
April, 1865, when the forces of the Union  
will be compelled to lay down their arms.  
In December, 1865, some deep, base plot  
will be got up against the President,  
shown by the transit of Mars; and the  
aspect of the planet shows danger by pis-  
tol shot or some infernal machine. Dur-  
ing these months more than ordinary  
caution and watchfulness will be nec-  
essary. After February that evil transi-  
t will have passed away. We could in-  
crease our remarks concerning personal  
danger of the President, but believe for-  
bearance in this case to be a virtue."

While the mammoth display bills of  
"Paradise Lost," were being put up in  
North San Juan, Cal., a German well  
known for his ability for manufacturing  
Lager, thus delivered himself: "Vat is  
dat—Paradise lost! Rebellion in Heaven?  
Mine Got in Himmel! Dat fashit not  
long now, for uncle Abe dah dere!"

A secret paper records the following  
conversation between a citizen and a  
market man: "What's the price of bat-  
ter?" "Six dollars a pound." "Good  
heavens, what a price!" "Well, vat the  
A-I ish six dollars? not so much sub-  
dity cents, py Gott!"